

Single Songbook

Binder #5

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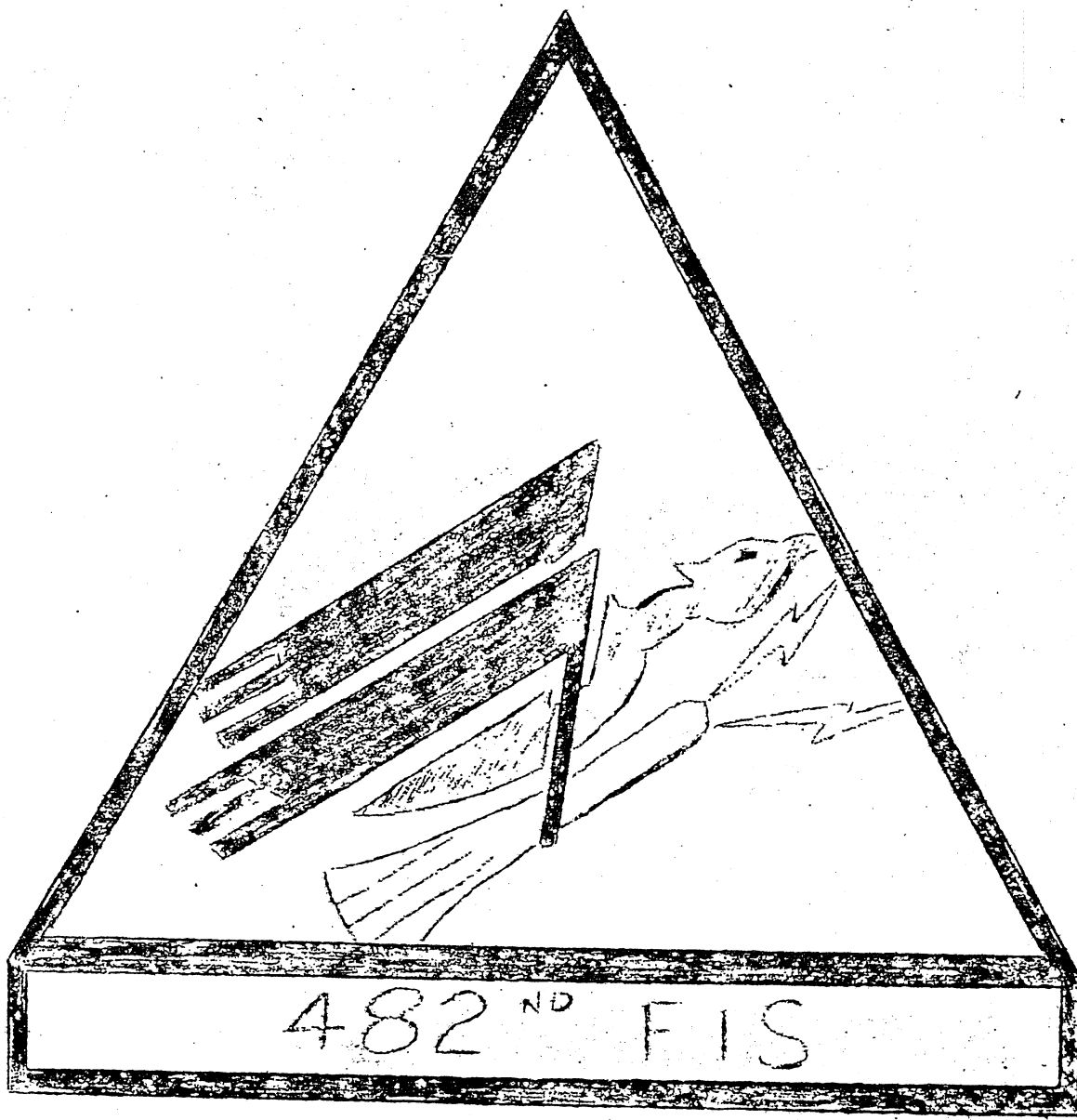
Place:

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Note: No table of contents

13 pages total

(Includes WWII and SAC)



SONG BOOK

EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT

IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT
YOU COULD HEAR THOSE DARKIES SINGIN'
IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT
YOU COULD HEAR DE BANJO RINGIN'
HOW THE OLD FOLKS WOULD ENJOY IT
THEY WOULD SIT ALL NIGHT AND LISTEN
AS WE SANG IN THE EVENING BY THE
MOONLIGHT.

THE VIRGIN STURGEON
(Tune of Ruben and Rachel)

CAVIAR COMES FROM THE VIRGIN STURGEON
THE VIRGIN STURGEON'S A VERY FINE FISH
VIRGIN STURGEON NEEDS NO URGIN'
THAT'S WHY CAVIAR IS MY DISH.
I FED CAVIAR TO MY GIRL FRIEND
SHE WAS A VIRGIN TRIED AND TRUE
NOW MY GIRL FRIEND NEEDS NO URGIN'
THERE ISN'T ANYTHING SHE WON'T DO

I FED CAVIAR TO MY GRAMPA
HE WAS A MAN OF NINETY-THREE
SCREAMS AND SHRIEKS WERE HEARD FROM
GRANDMA
HE HAD CHASED HER UP A TREE.

LITTLE MARY WENT SLEIGH RIDING
AND THE SLEIGH TURNED UPSIDE DOWN
LITTLE MARY STARTED SINGING
MASSA'S IN THE COLD COLD GROUND.

THE MAILMAN CAME ONE SUNNY MORNING
THE POLICEMAN CAME THE VERY NEXT DAY
NINE MONTHS LATER THERE WAS HELL TO PAY
WHO FIRED THE SHOT, THE BLUE OR THE GRAY.

IF YOU KNOW ANOTHER VERSE LEAD OUT,
WE'LL FOLLOW.

GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME
IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME
STROLLING DOWN THE SHADY LANE
WITH YOU BABY MINE
SHE HOLDS YOUR HAND AND YOU HOLD HERS
AND THAT'S A VERY GOOD SIGN
THAT SHE'S YOUR TOOTSY-WOOTSY
IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME.

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY
ALL COVERED WITH SNOW,
I LOST MY TRUE LOVER
COME A COURTIN' TOO SLOW.
A COURTIN'S A PLEASURE
BUT PARTING IS GRIEF
AND A FALSE HEARTED LOVER
IS WORSE THAN A THIEF.
FOR A THIEF WILL ROB YOU
AND TAKE WHAT YOU HAVE,
BUT A FALSE HEARTED LOVER
WILL SEND YOU TO YOU GRAVE.
SHE'LL HUG YOU AND KISS YOU
AND TELL YOU MORE LIES,
THAN THE CROSS TIES ON THE RAILROAD
OR THE STARS IN THE SKY.

THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

IT'S THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING
WE'VE DANCED THE WHOLE NIGHT THRU
AND DAYLIGHT SOON WILL BE DAWNING,
JUST ONE MORE WALTZ WITH YOU.
THAT MELODY SO ENTRANSCING
SEEMS TO BE MADE FOR US TWO,
I COULD JUST KEEP RIGHT ON DANCING
FOREVER, DEAR, WITH YOU.

SCATTER BRAIN

YOU'RE AS PLEASANT AS THE MORNING
AND REFRESHING AS THE RAIN,
ISN'T IT A PITY
THAT YOU'RE SUCH A SCATTER-BRAIN
WHEN YOU SMILE IT'S DELIGHTFUL
WHEN YOU TALK IT'S SO INSANE
STILL IT'S CHARMING CHATTER,
SCATTER-BRAIN
I KNOW I'LL END UP APOPLECTIC BUT THERE'S
NOTHING I CAN DO
IT'S JUST THE SAME AS BEING IN A
HURRICANE,
AND THOUGH MY LIFE WILL BE TOO HECTIC
I'M SO MUCH IN LOVE WITH YOU
NOTHING ELSE CAN MATTER
YOU'RE MY DARLING SCATTER-BRAIN

OLD MAN RIVER

OL MAN RIVER, DAT OL MAN RIVER
HE MUST KNOW SUMPIN BUT DON'T SAY
NOTHIN'
HE JUST KEEPS ROLLIN, HE KEEPS ON
ROLLING ALONG
HE DON'T PLANT TATERS, HE DON'T PLANT
COTTON
AN DEM DAT PLANTS EM IS SOON FORGOTTEN
BUT OL MAN RIVER, HE JUST KEEPS ROLLIN
ALONG
YOU AND ME, WE SWEAT AND STRAIN
BODY ALL ACHIN' AND RACKED WID PAIN
TORE DAT BARGE, LIFT DAT BALE
GEL A LITTLE DRUNK AN YA LAND IN JAIL
AH GETS WEARY AND SICK OF TRYIN
AAM TIRED OF LIVIN AND FEARED OF DYIN
BUT OL MAN RIVER HE JEST KEEPS ROLLIN
ALONG.

THE BELL OF ST. MARY'S

THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S
AH, HEAR THEY ARE CALLING
THE YOUNG LOVES, THE TRUE LOVES
WHO COME FROM THE SEA
AND SO MY BELOVED
WHEN RED LEAVES ARE FALLING
THE LOVE BELLS SHALL RING OUT, RING OUT
FOR YOU AND ME.

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

MY WILD IRISH ROSE
THE SWEETEST FLOWER THAT GROWS
YOU MAY SEARCH EVERYWHERE
BUT NONE CAN COMPARE
WITH MY WILD IRISH ROSE
MY WILD IRISH ROSE
THE DEAREST FLOWER THAT GROWS
AND SOME DAY FOR MY SAKE
SHE MAY LET ME TAKE
THE BLOOM FROM MY WILD IRISH ROSE.

AFTER THE BALL

AFTER THE BALL IS OVER
AFTER THE BREAK OF MORN
AFTER THE DANCERS' LEAVING
AFTER THE STARS HAVE GONE
MANY A HEART IS ACHING
IF YOU COULD READ THEM ALL
MANY THE HOPES THAT HAVE VANISHED
AFTER THE BALL.

I WANT A GIRL (AND A BEER)

I WANT A GIRL JUST LIKE THE GIRL
THAT MARRIED DEAR OLD DAD
SHE WAS A PEARL AND THE ONLY GIRL
THAT DADDY EVER HAD
A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED GIRL
WITH HEART SO TRUE
ONE WHO LOVES NOBODY ELSE BUT YOU
I WANT A GIRL JUST LIKE THE GIRL
THAT MARRIED DEAR OLD DAD.

I WANT A BEER JUST LIKE THE BEER
THAT PICKLED MY OLD MAN
IT WAS A BEER AND THE ONLY BEER
THAT DADDY EVER HAD
A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED BEER
WITH LOTS OF FOAM
IT TOOK SIX MEN TO CARRY DADDY HOME
I WANT A BEER JUST LIKE THE BEER
THAT PICKLED MY OLD MAN.

HARVEST MOON

SHINE ON, SHINE ON HARVEST MOON
UP IN THE SKY
I AIN'T HAD NO LOVIN' SINCE
JANUARY, FEBRUARY, JUNE OR JULY
SNOW TIME AIN'T NO TIME TO SIT
OUTDOORS AND SPOON
SO SHINE ON, SHINE ON HARVEST MOON
FOR ME AND MY GAL.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY
MOON

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON
I WANT TO SPOON, TO MY HONEY I'LL CROON
LOVES TUNE
HONEY MOON, KEEP A SHINING IN JUNE
YOUR SILVERY BEAMS WILL BRING LOVE
DREAMS
WE'LL BE CUDDLING SOON
BY THE SILVERY MOON.

OH YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL

OH YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL
YOU GREAT BIG BEAUTIFUL DOLL
LET ME PUT MY ARMES AROUND YOU
I COULD NEVER LIVE WITHOUT YOU
OH YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL
YOU GREAT BIG BEAUTIFUL DOLL
IF YOU EVER LEAVE ME NOW MY HEART WILL
ACHE
I WANT TO HUG YOU BUT I FEAR YOU'D BREAK
OH OH OH OH OH YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL.

WHO OWNS THIS CLUB

WHO OWNS THIS CLUB HOO RAW RAW
WHO OWNS THIS CLUB HOO RAW RAW
WHO OWNS THIS CLUB THE PEOPLE SHOUT

WE OWN THIS CLUB
WE OWN THIS CLUB
THE 482D FIGHTER INTERCEPTOR
SQUADRON
WE OWN THIS CLUB

BREAK RIGHT BREAK LEFT
STREAMERS ON THE WING
WE ARE THE BOYS FROM THE 482D
AND WE OWN EVERY THING

WE ARE THE JOY BOYS OF RADIO
HELLO HELLO HELLO HELLO
WHEN I WAS ONLY A LITTLE CHILD
A SEXY BILL BOARD DROVE ME WILD

WE'RE NEVER TOO BUSY TO SAY HELLO
WE'RE NEVER TOO BUSY TO SAY HELLO
WE'RE NEVER TOO BUSY TO SAY HELLO
HELLO HELLO HELLO

WE HAD SOME CHICKENS

WE HAD SOME CHICKENS, NO EGGS WOULD
THEY LAY
WE HAD SOME CHICKENS, NO EGGS WOULD
THEY LAY
MY WIFE SAID "HONEY WE'RE MAKING NO
MONEY
AND THAT AIN'T FUNNY" NO EGGS WOULD
THEY LAY

ONE DAY A ROOSTER CAME INTO OUR YARD
AND COUGHT THOSE CHICKENS COMPLETLY OFF
GUARD
THERE LAYING EGGS NOW JUST LIKE THEY
USTER
EVER SINCE THAT ROSTER CAME INTO OUR YARD

(LOUDER)

THERE LAYING EGGS NOW JUST LIKE THEY
USTER
EVER SINCE THAT ROSTER CAME INTO OUR YARD.

I DON'T WANT TO BE A SOLDIER

I DON'T WANT TO BE A SOLDIER
I DON'T WANT TO GO TO WAR
I'D JUST RATHER HANG AROUND
PICADILLY UNDERGROUND
AND LIVE OFF THE EARNING OF A HIGH
BORN LADY

I DON'T WANT A BULLET UP ME ARSE HOLE
I DON'T WANT ME BUTTOX SHOT AWAY
I'D MUCH RATHER STAY IN ENGLAND
JOLLY JOLLY ENGLAND
AND FORNICATE ME BLOOMIN' LIFE AWAY
GOL BLIMEY

I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE NAVY
I DON'T WANT TO GO TO SEA
I'D RATHER HANG AROUND
PICADILLY ON THE GROUND
AND LIVE OFF THE EARNING OF A HIGH
BORN LADY

CALL OUT THE MEMBERS OF THE OLD BRITISH
THEY'LL KEEP ENGLAND FREE
YOU CAN CALL OUT ME MOTHER
ME SISTER AND ME BROTHER, BUT
FOR GOL SAKES DON'T CALL ME
GOL BLIMEY

MONDAY NIGHT I TOUCHED HER ON THE ANKLE
TUESDAY NIGHT I TOUCHED HER ON THE KNEE
WEDNESDAY NIGHT WITH GREAT SUCCESS
I LIFTED UP HER BLOOMIN' DRESS
THURSDAY NIGHT I MET HER FAMILY
GOL BLIMEY

FRIDAY NIGHT I HAD ME HAND UPON IT
SATURDAY NIGHT SHE GAVE ME BALL A TWEEE
BUT IT WAS SUNDAY AFTER SUPPER
I GOT THE DAMN THING UP HER
AND NOW SHE PAYS ME 50 QUID A WEEK
GOL BLIMEY

I DON'T WANT TO BE A SOLDIER
I DON'T WANT TO GO TO WAR
I'D MUCH RATHER HANG AROUND
PICADILLY UNDERGROUND
AND LIVE OFF THE EARNING OF A HIGH
BORN LADY

I DON'T WANT A BULLET UP ME ARSE HOLD
I DON'T WANT ME BUTTOX SHOT AWAY
I'D MUCH RATHER STAY IN ENGLAND
JOLLY JOLLY ENGLAND
AND FORNICATE ME BLOOMIN' LIFE AWAY

I ONCE WAS A GAY CABELLARO ✓

I ONCE WAS A GAY CABELLARO
WHO WENT DOWN TO RIO DE JANERIO
I TOOK WITH ME MY LA TRABULE
AND BOTH OF MY LA TRABULAROS

I MET THERE A GAY SENIORITA
A VERY GAY SENIORITA
I ASKED HER TO SEE MY LA TRABULE
AND BOTH OF MY LA TRABULAROS

SHE SAID THAT SHE HADN'T OUGHTA
FOR SHE WAS HER FATHERS DAUGHTER
BUT SHE SAID THAT SHE'D SEE MY
LA TRABULE
AND ONE OF MY LA TRABULAROS

WE WENT TO HER CARRITA
AND SAT DOWN ON THE SOPHITA
I INSERTED WITH GLEE MY LA TRABULE
AND ONE OF MY LA TRABULAROS

OH FEE ON THAT GAY SENIORITA
SHE GAVE ME A DOSE OF CLAPITA
SHE GAVE IT TO ME IN MY LA TRABULE
AND ONE OF MY LA TRABULAROS

I WENT TO A FAMOUS MADICO
A VERY FAMOUS MEDICO
HE CUT OFF FOR ME MY LA TRABULE
AND ONE OF MY LA TRABULAROS

AT NIGHT WHEN I LAY DOWN TO SLEEP
I FEEL DOWN UNDER THE SHEET
I FIND NOTHING THERE, BUT A HAND FULL
OF HAIR
AND ONE OF MY LA TRABULAROS

A TOAST

WE'LL LOOP IN THE PURPLE TWILIGHT
WE'LL SPIN IN THE SILVERY DAWN
WITH BLACK SMOKE TRAILING BEHIND US
TO SHOW WHERE OUR COMRADES HAVE GONE
SO STAND TO YOUR GLASSES STEADY
THIS WORLD IS A WORLD OF LIES
WE'LL DRINK TO THOSE WHO ARE LIVING
AND HURRAH TO THE NEXT MAN WHO DIES

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOTS ASS

OH, I LINED UP ON THE RUNWAY AND HEADED
FOR THE DITCH
I LOOKED DOWN AT MY PROP, MY GOD IT'S
IN HIGH PITCH
I PULLED BACK ON THE STICK AND ROSE
INTO THE AIR
GLORY, GLORY HALLELUJAH HOW DID I
GET THERE

CHORUS:

OH HALLELUJAH, OH HALLELUJAH, THROW A
NICKLE ON THE GRASS
SAVE A FIGHTER PILOTS ASS
OH HALLELUJAH, OH HALLELUJAH, THROW A
NICKLE ON THE GRASS
AND YOU'LL BE SAVED

OH I FLEW MY TRAFFIC PATTERN, TO ME IT
LOOKED ALL RIGHT
I ROLLED ON FINAL TURN MY GOD I RACKED
IT TIGHT
THE ENGINE COUGHED AND SPUTTERED, I
STARTED IN TO SPIN
MAYDAY, MAYDAY SPINTAIL OPS, I'M
GOING TO AUGER IN

CHORUS:

OH I CAME IN OVER THE GOOSE, I THOUGHT
THAT I WAS CLEAR
I STARTED IN TO BUZZ, I KNEW THE END
WAS NEAR
I MET THE FLYING BOARD, AND THEY GAVE
ME THE WORKS
GLORY GLORY HALLELUJAH, WHAT A BUNCH
OF JERKS

CHORUS:

A-FLYING IN THE GUTTER, ALL COVERED
UP WITH BEER
DRIED UP PRETZLES IN MY BEARD, I
THOUGHT THE END WAS NEAR
ALONG CAME THE AIR FORCE, TO SAVE ME
FROM THIS CURSE
NOW EVERYBODY BUST A GUT AND SING ONE
FINAL VERSE

CORUS:

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

IF ALL LITTLE GIRLS WERE LIKE SHEEP
IN THE PASTURE
AND I WAS A RAM, I WOULD MAKE THEM
RUN FASTER

CHORUS:
SO ROLL YOUR LEG OVER, OH ROLL YOUR LEG
OVER
OH ROLL YOUR LEG OVER THE MAN IN THE
MOON!

IF ALL LITTLE GIRLS WERE LIKE LITTLE
WHITE RABBITS
AND I WAS A HARE, I WOULD TEACH THEM
BAD HABBITS

CHOURS:

IF ALL LITTLE GIRLS WERE LIKE LITTLE
WHITE FLOWERS
AND I WAS A BEE, I WOULD BUZZ THEM FOR
HOURS

CHOURS:

IF ALL LITTLE GIRLS WERE LIKE LITTLE
WHITE CHICKENS
AND I WAS A ROOSTER, I WOULD GIVE THEM
THE DICKENS

CHOURS:

IF ALL LITTLE GIRLS WERE LIKE LITTLE
OLE TURTLES
AND I WAS A TURTLE, I'D GET IN THEIR
GIRDLES

CHOURS:

ZULU WAR DANCE

I'VE GOT A ZUMBA ZUMBA ZUMBA
I'VE GOT A ZUMBA ZUMBA ZUMBA

I'VE GOT A ZUMBA ZUMBA ZUMBA
I'VE GOT A ZUMBA ZUMBA ZUMBA

HOLD THEM DOWN YOU ZULU WORRIORS
HOLD THEM DOWN YOU ZULU CHIEFS, CHIEFS
CHIEFS

SAC SONG (PEPSI SONGS)

CURT LEMAY OH CURT LEMAY UP YOUR SAC
OH CURT LEMAY
CURT LEMAY OH CURT LEMAY UP YOUR SAC
OH CURT LEMAY

SAC HEADQUARTERS IS THE SPOT
TWELVE FULL COLONELS, THATS A LOT
TWICE AS MANY GENERALS TOO
SAC HEADQUARTERS IS THE PLACE FOR YOU
CHIKEN, CHIKEN, CHICKEN, CHICKEN,
CHICKEN, CHICKEN, CHICKEN
CHICKEN, CHICKEN, CHICKEN, CHICKEN,
ETC, ETC, ETC.

SAC HEADQUARTERS IS THE PLACE
ALL THE BUSES ON THE BASE
TEN FOR THEM AND ONE FOR US
SAC HEADQUARTERS WHERE YOU CATCH THE BEE
CHICKEN, ETC, ETC, ETC, ETC, ETC, ETC,
CHICKEN, ETC, ETC, ETC, ETC, ETC, ETC,

PARTIES. BANQUETS AND BALLS

(Tune: Take me out to the ball game)

PARTIES, BANQUETS, AND BALLS, BOYS
PARTIES, BANQUETS, AND BALLS
AS PRESIDENT TRUMAN HAS SAID BEFORE
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO STAY OUT OF WAR
THAT'S WITH PARTIES, BANQUETS, AND
BALLS, BOYS
PARTIES, BANQUETS, AND BALLS
WE'LL HAVE PARTIES, AND BANQUETS,
AND BANQUETS, AND PARTIES, AND
BALLS, BALLS, BALLS

PARTIES

OH, PARTIES MAKE THE WORLD GO ROUND
PARTIES MAKE THE WORLD GO ROUND
PARTIES MAKE THE WORLD GO ROUND
SO-O-O-O-O LET'S HAVE A PARTY

OH THE SEXUAL LIFE OF A CAMUEL
IS GREATER BY FAR THAN YOU THINK
FOR AFTER A WEEK ON THE DESERT
HE MAKES A MAD DASH FOR THE SPHINX

CHORUS:
SINGING TU-A-LIE TUR-A-LIE TUR-A-LIE
SINGING TUR-A-LIE TUR-A-LIE AY
FOR AFTER A WEEK ON THE DESERT
HE MAKES A MAD DASH FOR THE SPHINX

NOW THE SPHINX'S POSTERIOR ANATOMY
LIES DEEP BENEATH THE SANDS OF THE NILE
WHICH ACCOUNTS FOR THE HUMP ON THE CAMUEL
AND THE SPHINX'S INSCRUTABLE SMILE

CHORUS:

THE CAPTAIN HE RIDES IN A MOTOR BOAT
THE SGT. HE RIDES IN A GIG
IT DON'T GO A GODDAMNED BIT FASTER
BUT IT MAKES THE OLD BASTARD FEEL BIG

CHORUS:

THE CAPT. HE SLEEPS IN A FEATHER BED
THE SGT. HE SLEEPS IN HIS SACK
AS A MEANS OF SELF-PRESERVATION
THE ALERT CREWS ALL SLEEP ON THEIR BACKS

CHORUS:

BOOZIN' BUDDIES

A FIGHTER PILOT LAY DYING
THE MEDICS HAD LEFT HIM FOR DEAD
ALL AROUND HIM WOMEN WERE CRYING
AND THESE ARE THE WORDS THAT HE SAID

TAKE THE TAILPIPE OUT OF MY STOMACH
TAKE THE BURNER OUT OF MY BRAIN
TAKE THE TURBINE OUT OF MY KIDNEY
AND ASSEMBLE THE UNIT AGAIN

FOR WE ARE THE BOYS WHO FLY HIGH IN THE
SKY
BOSOM BUDDIES WHILE BOOZIN'
WE ARE THE BOYS THEY SEND OUT TO DIE
BOSOM BUDDIES WHILE BOOZIN'

UP IN HEADQUARTERS THEY SING AND THEY
SHOUT
TALKING OF THINGS THEY KNOW NOTHING
ABOUT

WE ARE THE BOYS WHO FLY HIGH IN THE SKY
BOSOM BUDDIES WHILE BOOZIN'
BOSOM BUDDIES WHILE BOOZIN'
BOSOM BUDDIES WHILE BOOZIN'

THE MINSTRELS SING OF A MIGHTY KING
OF MANY LONG YEARS AGO
WHO RULED HIS LAND WITH AN IRON HAND
BUT HIS MIND WAS WEAK AND LOW

HE LOVED TO HUNT THE ROYAL STAG
WITHIN THE ROYAL WOOD
BUT THE SPORT HE LOVED THE BEST OF ALL
WAS PULLING HIS ROYAL BUD

HIS ONLY UNDERCLOTHING
WAS A FLITHLY UNDERSHIRT
IT WAS LONG ENOUGH TO HIDE THE HIDE
BUT NEVER THE DIRT

HE WAS WILD AND WOOLY
AND FULL OF FLEAS
HIS TERRIBLE TOOL HUNG DOWN TO HIS KNEE
GOD SAVE THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN WAS A ROYAL DAME
AND AN AMOROUS DAME WAS SHE
SHE LOVED TO FOOL WITH THE ROYAL TOOL
FROM FAR ACROSS THE SEA

SHE SENT A SPECIAL MESSAGE
BY A SPECIAL MESSENGER
AND ASKED HIS ROYAL BASTARDSHIP
TO SPEND THE NIGHT WITH HER

WHEN PHILIP OF FRANCE HEARD THIS
HE SUMMONED HIS ROYAL COURT
SIAD SHE PREFERRES MY RIVAL
JUST BECAUSE MY TOOL IS SHORT

SO HE SENT A DUKE CALLED ALLENSLAP
TO GIVE THE QUEEN A DOSE OF CLAP
AND THUS REVENGE THE BASTARD KING
OF ENGLAND

WHEN NEWS OF THIS FOUL DEED
DID REACH FAIR ENGLANDS HALLS
THE KING HE SWORE BY THE SHIRT HE WORE
HE'D HAVE OLD PHILIP'S BALLS

SO HE OFFERED A NIGHT WITH SWEET
HORTENSE TO THE MAN WHO'D NUT THE
KING OF FRANCE
AND THUS AVENGE THE BASTARD KING OF
ENGLAND

UP SPOKE THE DUKE OF SUFFOLK
BETOOK HIMSELF TO FRANCE
DECLARED HIMSELF A FLUTER
THE KING TOOK DOWN HIS PANTS

SO HE DROPPED A THONG AROUND HIS DONG
AND JUMPED ON HIS HORSE AND GALLOPED
ALONG AND THUS AVENGED THE BASTARD KING

THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND (CONT'D)

PHILIP ASSUMED A ROYAL STANCE
AND HE GROVELED ON THE FLOOR
FOR DURING THE RIDE HIS ROYAL PRIDE
HAD STRETCHED A YARD OR MORE

AND ALL THE GIRLS IN ENGLAND
CAME DOWN TO LONDON TOWN
AND THEY SHOUTED ROUND THE CASTLE
TO HELL WITH ENGLAND'S CROWN

SO PHILIP USURPED THE THRONE
AND HIS SCEPTER WAS HIS ROYAL BONE
WITH WHICH HE DOWNED THE BASTARD
KING OF ENGLAND

MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

MY FATHER MAKES RUM IN THE BATH TUB
MY MOTHER MAKES TWO KINDS OF GIN
MY SISTER MAKES LOVE FOR A LIVING
MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

CHORUS:
ROLLS IN, ROLLS IN, MY GOD HOW THE
MONEY ROLLS IN, ROLLS IN
ROLLS IN, ROLLS IN, MY GOD HOW THE
MONEY ROLLS IN.

MY BROTHERS A POOR MISSIONARY
HE SAVES LITTLE GIRLIES FROM SIN
HE'LL SAVE YOU A BLONDE FOR FIVE DOLLARS
MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN
CHORUS:

MY UNCLS PAINTS REAL FRENCHY POST CARDS
MY AUNTIE SHE POSES FOR HIM
HER COSTUMES COST NARY A PENNY
MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN
CHORUS:

I TRIED MAKING ALL KINDS OF WHISKEY
I TRIED MAKING SOME KINDS OF GIN
I TRIED MAKING LOVE FOR A LIVING
MY GOD THE CONDITION I'M IN.

CHORUS:
SIN GIN, SIN GIN, MY GOD THE CONDITION
I'M IN, I'M IN
SIN GIN, SIN GIN, MY GOD HOW THE MONEY
ROLLS IN.

MY FATHER HE DIED IN HIS BATHTUB
MY MOTHER SHE DIED OF HER GIN
MY SISTER SHE MARRIED MY BROTHER
MY GOD WHAT A CONDITION I'M IN.

A MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN

A MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN
IS LIKE A SHIP WITHOUT A SAIL
JUST LIKE A BOAT WITHOUT A RUDDER
A KITE WITHOUT A TAIL
A MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN
IS LIKE A WRECK CAST ON THE SAND
BUT IF THER'S ONE THING WORSE
IN THE UNIVERSE
IT'S A WOMAN WITHOUT A MAN

BILL BAILEY

WON'T YOU COME HOME BILL BAILEY
WON'T YOU COME HOME:
SHE MOANS THE WHOLE NIGHT LONG
I'LL DO THE COOKING HONEY,
I'LL PAY THE RENT.
I KNOW I'VE DONE YOU WRONG.
REMBER THAT RAINY EVENING
I DROVE YOU OUT
WITH NOTHING BUT A FINE TOOTH COMB.
I KNOW I'M TO BLAME,
WELL AINT THAT A SHAME,
BILL BAILEY WON'T YOU PLEASE COME HOME.

FIVE FOOT TWO

FIVE FOOT TWO, EYES OF BLUE
BUT, OH, WHAT THOSE FIVE FOOT COULD DO
HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY GAL?

TURNED UP NOSE, TURNED DOWN HOSE,
FLAPPER, YESSIR, ONE OF THOSE;
HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY GAL?

IF YOU RUN INTO A FIVE FOOT TWO
ALL COVERED WITH FUR,
DIAMOND RINGS AND ALL THOSE THINGS
YOU CAN BET YOUR LIFE IT ISN'T HER.

BUT COULD SHE LOVE, COULD SHE WOO,
COULD SHE COOCHY, COOCHY COO,
HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY GAL?

TATTOOED LADY

ONE DAY I MARRIED A TATTOOED LADY
UPON A BRIGHT SUMMER'S DAY
TATTOOED ALL OVER HER BODY
WAS A MAP OF THE USA
AND EACH NIGHT JUST BEFORE SLEEPING
I WOULD PULL DOWN THE CORNER AND PEAK

NOW ON HER SHOULDER WAS MINNESOTA,
AND ON HER LEG WAS TENNESSEE.
ON HER BACK WAS GOOD OLD HACKENSACK
FROM THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY.

NOW ON HER BREAST WAS WEST VIRGINIA,
AND THROUGH THOSE HILLS I LONG TO ROAM,
BUT WHEN THE MOONLIGHT'S ASHINING DOWN
UPON THE WABASH,
IT'S THEN I RECOGNIZE MY INDIANA HOME.

??????????

HE GRASPED ME BY MY SLENDER NECK.
I COULD NOT YELL OR SCREAM.
HE TOOK ME TO HIS DINGY ROOM
WHERE HE COULD NOT BE SEEN
HE TORE OFF ALL MY FLIMSY WRAPS
AND GAZED UPON MY FORM.
I WAS SO VERY COLD AND DAMP
AND HE SO HOT AND WARM.
HE PRESSED ME TO HIS EAGER LIPS.
I COULD NOT MAKE HIM STOP.
HE DRAINED ME OF MY VERY LIFE
TO MY VERY LAST DROP.
HE MADE ME WHAT I AM TODAY
THAT'S WHY YOU SEE ME HERE.
A BROKEN BOTTLE THROWN AWAY
THAT ONCE WAS FULL OF BEER.

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME, O' LORD
I'M TIRED AND I WANT TO GO TO BED
OH I HAD A LITTLE DRINK ABOUT AN HOUR
AGO
AND IT WENT RIGHT TO MY HEAD.
WHEREVER I MAY ROAM,
ON LAND OR SEA OF FOAM,
YOU WILL ALWAYS HEAR ME SINGING THIS
SONG
SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME.

CIGAREETS AND WHISKEY AND WILD
WILD WOMEN

ONCE I WAS HAPPY AND HAD A GOOD WIFE;
I HAD ENOUGH MONEY TO LAST ME FOR LIFE.
I MET UP WITH A GAL AND WE WENT ON A
SPREE;
SHE TAUGHT ME TO SMOKE AND DRINK WHISKEY.

CHORUS:
CIGAREETS AND WHISKEY AND WILD, WILD
WOMEN,
THEY'LL DRIVE YOU CRAZY, THEY'LL DRIVE
YOU INSANE.
CIGAREETS AND WHISKEY AND WILD, WILD
WOMEN,
THEY'LL DRIVE YOU CRAZY, THEY'LL DRIVE
YOU INSANE.

CIGAREETS ARE A BLOT ON THE WHOLE
HUMAN RACE.
A MAN IS A MONKEY WITH ONE IN HIS FACE.
HERE'S MY DEFINITION BELIEVE ME DEAR
BROTHER;
"A FIRE ON ONE END AND A FOOL ON THE
OTHER."

CHORUS:

BROTHER REPENT OR THEY'LL WRITE ON
YOUR GRAVE,
"TO WOMEN AND WHISKEY HERE LIES A POOR
SLAVE."
TAKE WARNING DEAR BROTHER, TAKE WARNING
DEAR FRIEND,
THEY'LL WRITE IN BIG LETTERS THESE
WORDS AT YOUR END.

CHORUS:

THE YOUNG PURSUITER

BESIDE A TEXAS CACTUS ONE BRIGHT AND
SUNNY DAY,
BESIDE HIS BATTERED F-102, A YOUNG
PURSUITER LAY.
HIS PARACHUTE HUNG FROM A NEARBY TREE:
HE WAS NOT YET QUITE DEAD.
NOW LISTEN TO THE VERY LAST WORDS THE
YOUNG PURSUITER SAID:

I'M GOING TO A BETTER LAND WHERE EVERY-
THING IS BRIGHT,
WHISKEY FLOWS FROM TELEGRAPH POLES, AND
POKER EVERY NIGHT.
WITH NOT A SINGLE THING TO DO BUT SIT
AROUND AND SING;
WHERE ALL OUR CREWS ARE WOMEN ---OH;
DEATH WHERE IS THY STING?

THE YOUNG PURSUITER (CONT'D)

OH, DEATH WHERE IS THY STING, TING A
LING
OH, DEATH WHERE IS THY STING,
THE BELLS OF HELL WILL RING A LING A
LING
FOR YOU BUT NOT FOR ME.

AIR FORCE LAMENT

MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE DAYS OF MEN
WHO RULED THE FIGHTING SKY
WITH HEARTS THAT LAUGHED AT DEATH AND
LIVED FOR NOTHING BUT TO FLY.
BUT NOW THOSE HEARTS ARE GROUNDED AND
THOSE DAYS ARE LONG GONE BY.

CHORUS:
GLORY FLYING REGULATIONS
HAVE THEM READ AT EVERY STATION
CRUCIFY THE MAN THAT BREAKS ONE
THE AIR FORCE HAS GONE TO HELL.

MY BONES HAVE FELT THEIR POUNDING THROB,
A JUNDRED THOUSAND STRONG,
A MIGHTY AIRBORNE LEGION SENT TO RIGHT
THE DEADLY WRONG.
BUT NOW IT'S ONLY MEMORY, IT ONLY
LIVES IN A SONG.
THE AIR FORCE HAS GONE TO HELL.

I'VE SEEN THEM IN THEIR T-JETS WHEN
THEIR EYES WERE DANCING FLAME.
I'VE SEEN THEIR SCREAMING POWER-DIVES
THAT BLASTED GOERING'S NAME.
BUT NOW THEY FLY LIKE SISSIES AND THEY
HANG THEIR HEADS IN SHAME.
THEIR SPIRITS SHOT TO HELL.

CHORUS:
THEY FLEW B-26'S THROUGH A LIVING HELL
OF FLAK,
AND BLOODY, DYING PILOT'S GAVE THEIR
LIVES TO BRING THEM BACK.
BUT NOW THEY ALL PLAY PING PONG IN
THE OPERATIONS SHACK.
THEIR TECHNIQUE'S GONE TO HELL.

YES THE LORDLY FLYING FORTRESS AND THE
LIBERATOR TOO,
ONCE WROTE THE DOOM OF GERMANY WITH
CONTRAILS IN THE BLUE;
BUT NOW THE SKIES ARE EMPTY AND OUR
PLANES ARE WET WITH DEW.
AND WE CANNOT FLY FOR HELL.

CHORUS:

AIR FORCE LAMENT (CONT'D)

HAF AFD BUILD A FIGHTING TEAM THAT
SANG A FIGHTING SONG
ABOUT THE WILD BLUE YONDER IN THE DAYS
WHEN MEN WERE STRONG.
BUT NOW WE'RE CLOSELY SUPERVISED FOR
FEAR WE MAY DO WRONG.
THE AIR FORCE HAS GONE TO HELL.

TITANIC

OH, THEY BUILT THE SHIP TITANIC
AND WHEN THEY HAD IT THROUGH
THEY THOUGHT THEY HAD A SHIP
THAT THE WATER WOULD NEVER COME THROUGH.
BUT THE LORD RAISED HIS HAND
SAID THE SHIP WOULD NEVER LAND.
IT WAS SAD WHEN THAT GREAT SHIP WENT DOWN.

CHORUS:
IT WAS SAD, IT WAS SAD,
IT WAS SAD WHEN THAT GREAT SHIP WENT
DOWN.
HIT THE BOTTOM
LITTLE BITTY CHILDREN LOST THEIR LIVES,
THEY LOST HUSBANDS, THEY LOST WIVES,
IT WAS SAD WHEN THAT GREAT SHIP WENT
DOWN.

THEY WERE OFF FOR ENGA LAND
AND WERE HEADED FOR THE SHORE
AND THE RICH REFUSED TO ASSOCIATE WITH
THE POOR
SO THEY PUT THEM DOWN BELOW
AND THEY WERE THE FIRST TO GO.
IT WAS SAD WHEN THAT GREAT SHIP WENT
DOWN.

CHORUS:

OH THEY PUT THE LIFE BOATS OUT
IN THE RAGING BURNING SEA
AND THE BAND STRUCK UP WITH N'ER MY
GOD TO THEE
OH THE CAPTAIN TRIED TO WIRE
BUT THE WIRE WAS ON FIRE.
IT WAS SAD WHEN THAT GREAT SHIP WENT
DOWN.

CHORUS:

THAT LITTLE BALL OF YARN

OH, IT WAS A DAY IN JUNE AND THE FLOWERS
WERE IN BLOOM,
AND THE ROOSTER CHASED THE HEN AROUND
THE BARN.
I SPIED A PRETTY MISS AND I CHANCED TO
ASK HER THIS,
COULD I DIDDLE IN YOU² LITTLE BALL OF
YARN?"

SHE GAVE ME HER CONSENT AND BEHIND THE
FENCE WE WENT
NEVER THINKING I WOULD DO HER ANY HARM.
I LAID HER ON THE GROUND AND I
RUFFELED UP HER GOWN,
AND I DIDDLED IN HER LITTLE BALL OF
YARN.

NONE MONTHS LATER AFTER THAT, IN A POOL-
ROOM THAT I SAT,
NEVER THINKING THAT I'D DONE HER ANY
HARM;
LONG CAME A MAN IN BLUE, SAYING BOY I'M
SEEKING YOU.
YOUR THE FATHER OF A NINE POUND BALL
OF YARN.
NOW IN JAIL AS I SIT WITH MY FINGERS IN
MY SHIT
AND THE BEDBUGS PLAYING PING PONG WITH
MY BALLS
ALL THE LADIES AS THEY PASS, THROUGH ^{THREW}
PEANUTS AT MY ASS
ALL FOR DIDDLING IN THAT LITTLE BALL
OF YARN.

BANG BANG LULU

BANG BANG LULU, BANGING AWAY ALL DAY
WHAT'LL WE DO FOR BANGING,
WHEN LULU GOES AWAY?

SOME GIRLS WORK IN ICE CREAM PARLORS,
SOME GIRLS WORK IN SHOWS
BUT LULU WORKS IN A BIG HOTEL,
WITH A DOZEN OTHER WHORES.

CHORUS:
RICH GIRLS WEAR A RING OF GOLD
THE POOR A RING OF BRASS.
BUT THE ONLY RING THAT LULU WEARS,
IS THE RING AROUND HER ASS.

CHORUS:

RICH GIRLS RIDE IN CADILLACS
A POOR GIRL RIDES IN A FORD.
BUT LULU RIDES THE BEDSPRINGS,
TO PAY HER ROOM AND BOARD

CHORUS:

BANG BANG LULU (CONT'D)

A RICH GIRL USES VASELINE,
A POOR GIRL USES LARD.
BUT LULU USES AXLE GREASE,
AND IT GOES IN TWICE AS HARD.

CHORUS:

RICH GIRLS WEAR A KOTEX,
POOR GIRLS WEAR A RAG
BUT LULU'S BOX IS SO DAMN BIG
SHE WEARS A BURLAP BAG.

CHORUS:

THE RICH GIRL WEARS A COAT OF MINK,
THE POOR GIRL WEARS A FOX.
BUT THE ONLY FUR THAT LULU WEARS
IS THE FUR AROUND HER BOX.

CHORUS:

A VERY FINE SONG

THERE ONCE WAS A GIRL FROM BERMUDA
TO SCREW HER I HAD TO GET SHREWDER.
SHE THOUGHT IT WAS LEWD
TO SCREW IN THE NUDE
SO I GOT SHREWDER & LEWDER AND SCREWED
HER

CHORUS:
THAT WAS A VERY FINE SONG
SING US ANOTHER ONE
JUST LIKE THE OTHER ONE DOOO.

THERE ONCE WAS A HERMIT NAMED DAVE
WHO KEPT A DEAD WHORE IN A CAVE
HE SAID I'LL ADMIT
SHE SMELLS WORSE THAN SHIT
BUT LOOK AT THE MONEY I SAVE.

CHORUS:

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY FROM DOVER
WHO LAY ON HER BACK IN THE CLOVER.
SHE SAID I DON'T GIVE A DAMN IF I
DON'T HAVE A MAN.

CHORUS:

THERE WAS A YOUNG GIRL FROM NANTUCKET
WHO WENT TO HELL IN A BUCKET
BUT WHEN SHE GOT THERE
THEY ASKED FOR THE FARE:
SO SHE TOOK OUT HER TIT AND SAID SUCK IT.

CHORUS:

BLOODY GREAT WHEEL

AN AIRMAN TOLD ME BEFORE HE DIED,
I DON'T KNOW YET IF THE BASTARD LIED;
BUT HE HAD A WIFE WITH A BOX SO WIDE
THAT SHE COULD NEVER BE SATISFIED.

SO HE BUILT FOR HER A PRICK OF STEEL,
ATTACHED IT TO A GREAT BIG WHEEL,
WITH BALLS OF BRASS TO SUPPLY THE CREAM
AND THE WHOLE BLOODY ISSUE WAS DRIVEN
BY STEAM.

IN AND OUT WENT THE PRICK OF STEEL,
ROUND AND ROUND WENT THE FUCKING GREAT
WHEEL
TILL SHE AT LAST IN ECSTASY CRIED,
"ENOUGH, ENOUGH, I AM SATISFIED."

AND NOW WE COME TO THE BITTER BIT,
THERE WAS NO WAY OF STOPPING IT.
FROM ASS HOLE TO BREAKFAST TIME SHE WAS
SPLIT,
AND THE WHOLE FUCKING ISSUE WAS COVERED
WITH SHIT.

THE SCOTCH WEDDING

OH, THE KING WAS IN THE COUNTING HOUSE
A COUNTING OUT HIS WEALTH.
THE QUEEN WAS IN THE BEDROOM
A PLAYING WITH HER SELF.

CHORUS:
SINGING I DID IT LAST NIGHT;
I'LL DO IT NOW.
THE MAN WHO HAD YOU LAST NIGHT
CANNOT HAVE YOU NOW.

OH, THE BRIDE WAS IN THE BEDROOM
EXPLAINING TO THE GROOM;
THE VAGINA NOT THE RECTUM
IS THE ENTRANCE TO THE WOMB.

CHORUS:

OH, THE PARSON'S WIFE, OH SHE WAS THERE
SEATED DOWN IN FRONT.
A WREATH OF ROSES 'ROUND HER NECK,
AND A CARROT UP HER CUNT.

CHORUS:

OH, THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER SHE WAS THERE
SHE HAD THEM ALL IN FITS.
DIVING FROM THE MANTLE PIECE
AND LANDING ON HER TITS.

CHORUS:

THE SCOTCH WEDDING (CONTD)

OH, THE VILLAGE IDIOT HE WAS THERE,
A SEATED BY THE FIRE.
AMUSING HIMSELF BY ABUSING HIMSELF
WITH AN INDIA RUBBER TIRE.

CHORUS:

THERE WAS FUCKING IN THE HAYLOFT
FUCKING IN THE RICKS.
YOU COULD NOT HEAR THE MUSIC
FOR THE SWISHING OF THE PRICKS.

CHORUS:

OH, THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH HE WAS THERE
HIS HAMMER AND HIS AWLS.
TALKING TO THE COUNTESS,
AND SHOWING OFF HIS BALLS.

CHORUS:

OH, THE VILLAGE PARSON HE WAS THERE,
AND VERY SURPRISED TO SEE
FOUR AND TWENTY MAIDEN-HEADS
A HANGING FROM A TREE.

CHORUS:

THERE WAS FUCKING IN THE HALLWAYS,
FUCKING ON THE STAIRS.
YOU COULDN'T SEE THE CARPET
FOR THE CUM AND CURLY HAIRS.

CHORUS:

THERE WAS FUCKING IN THE BARLEY
FUCKING IN THE OATS.
SOME WERE FUCKING SHEEP
AND SOME WERE FUCKING GOATS.

CHORUS:

SINGING "BALLS TO YOUR PARTNER,
YOUR ASS AGAINST THE WALL;
IF YOU DON'T GET FUCKED ON SATURDAY NIGHT
YOU'LL NEVER GET FUCKED AT ALL.

CHORUS:

AND WHEN THE BALL WAS OVER
THEY ALL WENT HOME TO REST.
THEY SAID THEY LIKED THE MUSIC
BUT THEY LIKED THE FUCKING BEST.

CHORUS:

THE VILLAGE ELDER HE WAS THERE
ACTING LIKE A FOOL
PULLING HIS FORESKIN OVER HIS HEAD
AND WHISTLING THROUGH HIS TOOL.

CHORUS:

THREE OLD MAIDS FROM BOSTON

THREE OLD MAIDS FROM BOSTON
WERE DRUNK ON CHERRY WINE.
THE TOPIC OF CONVERSATION WAS
"YOURS IS NO BIGGER THAN MINE."

CHORUS:

ROLY POLY TICKLE MY HOLEY
SLIPPERY, SLIMEY, SLEW
RUB YOUR NUTS ACROSS MY GUTS
I'M ONE OF THE WHOREY CREW.

THE FIRST OLD MAID, SHE UPS AND SAYS,
WHY MINE'S AS BIG AS THE AIR.
THE BIRDS FLY IN, THE BIRDS FLY OUT,
AND NEVER TOUCH A HAIR

CHORUS:

THE SECOND OLD MAID SHE UPS AND SAYS,
WHY MINE'S AS BIG AS THE SEA.
THE SHIPS SAIL IN, THE SHIPS SAIL OUT,
AND NEVER BOTHER ME.

CHORUS:

THE THIRD OLD MAID SHE UPS AND SAYS,
WHY MINE'S AS BIG AS THE MOON.
A PILOT WENT IN, IN JANUARY
AND NEVER CAME OUT TILL JUNE.

CHORUS:

COLUMBUS

IN ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-TWO
A DAGO FROM ITALIO
CAME MARCHING UP THE STREETS OF SPAIN
WITH HIS HAIR BELOW HIS BELLIO.
HE MARCHED UP TO THE QUEEN OF SPAIN
HE ASKED FOR SHIP AND CARGO.
SAYS HE, I'LL BE A SON OF A GUN
IF I DON'T BRING BACK CHICAGO.

CHORUS:

HE SWUNG HIS BALLS AROUND'O
THEY ALMOST TOUCHED THE GROUND'O
THAT NAVIGATIN' MASTERBATIN, SON OF A
BITCH COLUMBO.

FOR FORTY DAYS AND FORTY NIGHTS
THEY SAILED THE BROAD ATLANTIC.
FOR FORTY DAYS AND FORTY NIGHTS
THE CREW WAS ALMOST FRANTIC.
THEY SPIED A WHORE UPON THE SHORE
AND OFF CAME COAT AND COLLAR.
IN FORTY MINUTES BY THE CLOCK
SHE'D MADE TWO HUNDRED DOLLAR.

CHORUS:

COLUMBUS (CONT'D)

THE CAPTAIN STOOD UPON THE DECK,
HIS PRICK WAS LIKE A MAST POLE.
HE GRABBED THE FIRST MATE BY THE BALLS
AND RAMMED IT UP HIS ASS HOLE.
THE COOK HE HAD A FAIRY FRIEND
WHO HE TREATED LIKE A BROTHER,
THEY USED TO GO BELOW THE DECK
AND CORNHOLE ONE ANOTHER.

CHORUS:

O'RIELLY'S DAUGHTER

AS I WAS SITTING IN O'RIELLY'S BAR
LISTENING TO TALES OF BLOD AND SLAUGHTER
CAME A THOUGHT INTO MY MINE
WHY NOT SHAG O'RIELLY'S DAUGHTER?

CHORUS:

TIDDLEY I EE, TIDDLEY I OH,
TIDDLEY I EEE FOR THE ONE-BALL RIELLY.
RIG A JIG JIG, BALLS AND ALL,
RUB A DUB DUB SHAG ON.

I GRABBED THAT SHE BITCH BY THE ASS,
THEN I THREW MY LEFT LEG OVER,
SHAGGED AND SHAGGED AND SHAGGED SOME MORE,
SHAGGED UNTIL THE FUN WAS OVER.

- CHORUS:

THERE CAME A KNOCK UPON THE DOOR;
WHO SHOULD IT BE BUT HER DAD-BLAMED FATHER!
TWO HORSE PISTOLS IN HIS HAND,
LOOKING FOR THE GUY THAT SHAGGED HIS
DAUGHTER.

CHORUS:

I GRABBED THAT BASTARD BY THE BALLS
SHOVED HIS HEAD IN A PAIL OF WATER,
SHOVED THOSE PISTOLS UP HIS ASS.
A DAMN SIGHT FURTHER THAN I SHAGGED HIS
DAUGHTER.

CHORUS:

AS I GO WALKING DOWN THE STREET,
PEOPLE SHOUT FROM EVERY CORNER,
THERE GOES THAT SON OF A BITCH
THE GUY THAT SHAGGED O'RIELLY'S DAUGHTER.

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NO BALLS AT ALL

THERE ONCE WAS A GIRL NAMED SARA MCFOX
WITH HAIR ON HER CHEST AND CHEESE IN HER
BOX

SHE MARRIED A MAN NAMED PATRICK MCCALL
WITH A VERY SHORT PENUS AND NO BALLS AT
ALL.

THE VERY FIRST NIGHT THEY WERE BED
THEY TOOK OFF THEIR CLOTHES AND WENT
STRAIGHT TO BED

SHE REACHED FOR HIS PENUS; IT WAS VERY
SMALL

SHE REACHED FOR HIS BALLS; HE HAD NO
BALLS AT ALL.

CHORUS:

NO MOTHER, DEAR MOTHER, OH WHAT SHALL
I DO.

I'VE MARRIED A MAN WHO NEVER CAN SCREW
I REACHED FOR HIS PENUS, IT WAS VERY
SMALL

I REACHED FOR HIS BALLS; HE HAD NO BALLS
AT ALL.

OH, DAUGHTER, DEAR DAUGHTER,
NOW DON'T BE SO SAD.

IT IS THE SAME TROUBLE I HAD WITH YOUR
DAD.

THERE'S MANY A MAN WHO WILL COME TO THE
CALL
OF THE WIFE OF THE MAN WHO HAS NO BALLS
AT ALL.

CHORUS:

THE DAUGHTER WENT HOME;
TOOK HER MOTHER'S ADVICE,
AND FOUND THE RESULTS
MOST EXCEEDINGLY NICE.

A BOUNCING YOUNG BABY WAS BORN IN THE
FALL
TO THE WIFE OF THE MAN WHO HAD NO BALLS
AT ALL.

CHORUS:

LET HER SLEEP UNDER THE
BAR

T'WAS A COLD WINTER EVENING
THE GUESTS WERE ALL LEAVING
O'LEARY WAS CLOSING THE BAR
WHEN HE TURNED 'ROUND AND SAID
TO THE LADY IN RED - GET OUT!

LET HER SLEEP UNDER THE BAR (CONT'D)

YOU CANT SLEEP WHERE YOU ARE
SHE WEPT A SAD TEAR
IN HER BUCKET OF BEER
AS SHE THOUGHT OF THE COLD NIGHT AHEAD
WHEN A GENTLEMAN DAPPER STEPPED OUT
OF THE PHONE BOOTH

AND THESE ARE THE WORDS THAT HE SAID:
HER MOTHER NEVER TOLD HER
THE THINGS A YOUNG GIRL SHOULD KNOW
ABOUT THE WAYS OF NAVY MEN
AND HOW THEY COME AND GO
THOUGH AGE HAS TAKEN HER BEAUTY
AND SING HAS LEFT ITS DEEP SCAR
JUST THINK OF YOUR MOTHER AND SISTERS'

BOYS

AND LET HER SLEEP UNDER THE BAR.

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART
I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU
LET ME HEAR YOU WHISPER
THAT YOU LOVE ME TOO
KEEP THE LOVE LIGHT GLOWING
IN YOUR EYES SO TRUE
LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART
I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU

LOCH LOMOND

BY YON BONNIE BANKS
AND BY YON BONNIE BRAES
WHERE THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT ON LOCH
LOMON'
OH WE TWO HA'S PASS'D SAE MONY BLITHE-
SOME DAYS
ON THE BONNIE BONNIE BANKS OF LOCH
LOMON'
OH YE'LLTAK' THE HIGH ROAD AND I'LL TAK'
THE LOW ROAD
AN' I'LL BE IN SCOTLAND AFORE YE
WHERE ME AND MY TRUE LOVE WERE EVER
WONT TO GAE
ON THE BONNIE BONNIE BANKS OF LOCH
LOMON'
I MIND WHERE WE PARTED IN YON SHADY
GLEN
ON THE STEEP STEEP SIDE O' BON LOMON'
WHERE IN PURPLE HUE THE HIGHLAND HILLS
WE VIEW
AND THE MORN SHINES OUT FRAE THE
GLOAMIN'
CHORUS: